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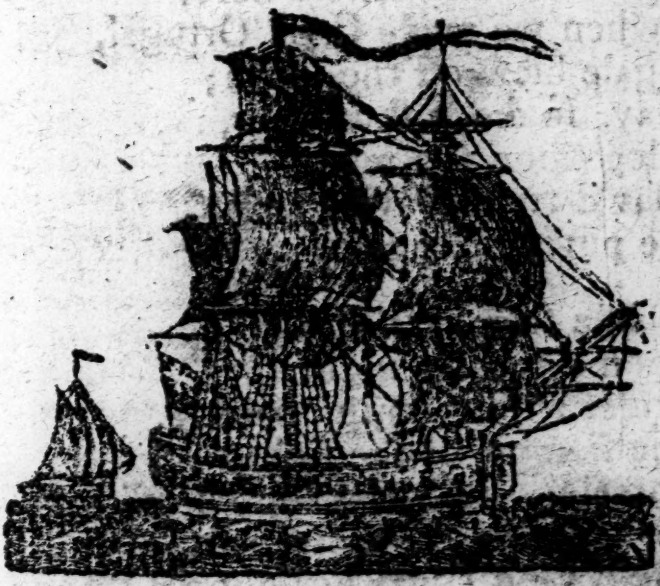
GARLAND

OF

NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

1. The Greenwich Penſioner.
2. The Tobacco Box.
3. The Neglected Tar.
4. Poll and my Partner Joe.



M. Angus and Son, Printers, Newcaſtle.

The Greenwich Penſioner.

'TWAS in the good ſhip Rover,
I ſail'd the world around,
And for three years and over,
I ne'er touch'd Britiſh ground;
At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main,
Found all relations ſtranded,
And went to ſea again.

That time bound ſtraight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft we bore,
But when we made Cape Ortugal,
A gale blew off the ſhore;
She lay, ſo did it ſhock her,
A log upon the main,
Till ſav'd from Davy's locker,
We put to ſea again.

Next in a frigate ſailing,
Upon a ſqually night,
Thunder and lightning hailing,
The horrors of the fight,
My precious limb was lopp'd off,
I, when they eas'd my pain,
Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
But went to ſea again.

Yet ſtill I am enabled
To bring up in life's rear,
Although I'm quite diſabled,
And lie in Greenwich tier;
The King, God bleſs his royalty,
Who ſav'd me from the main,
I'll praiſe with love and loyalty;
But ne'er to ſea again.

The Tobacco Box.

THOMAS.

THO' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait,
Let's not looſe our prattle my charming Kate,
'Till the hour of glory, love ſhall now take place,
Nor damp the joys before us, with a future caſe.

KATE.

Thomas ſtill be conſtant, Thomas ſtill be true;
Be but to your Kate, as Kate is ſtill to you:
Glory will attend you, ſtill will make us bleſt—
Of my firmeſt love my dear, you are ſtill poſſeſt.

THOMAS.

No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above,
Three compaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love;
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize,
Never Kate without thee, will I cloſe theſe eyes.

KATE.

Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Ne'er think that I will leave thee, love, the whole Campaign;
But I will ſtrive to cheriſh and to make thee bold,
May'ſt thou ſhare the victory, may'ſt thou ſhare the gold.

THOMAS.

If by ſome bold action I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction when the rank you ſhare,
Dreſs'd like any lady, fair from top to toe,
Fine lace caps and ruffles then will be your due.

KATE.

If a ſerjeants lady I ſhould chance to prove,
Linen ſhould be ready always for my love,
Never more ſhall Kate, the captain's laundreſs be,
I'm too pretty, Thomas love, for all but thee.

THOMAS.

Here, Kate, take my 'bacco box—a poor ſoldiers all,
If by Frenchmen's blows your Tom is doom'd to fall;
When my life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thou'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only pledge of love.

KATE.

Here, take back thy 'bacco box, thou art all to me,
Nor doubt but I'll be near thee thy fate for to ſee:
In the hour of danger always let me ſhare,
I'll be kept no ſtranger to my ſoldiers fare.

THOMAS.

Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear,
Come my pretty comrade, entertain no fear,
May heaven befriend thee, hark the drums command,
Honour will attend you—love I kiſs your hand.

KATE.

I cannot ſtop thoſe tears tho' crying I diſdain,
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain,
May good heaven defend thee, conqueſt on thee wait,
One kiſs more, and then I give thee up to fate.

The Neglected Tar.

I Sing the Britiſh ſeamen's praiſe,
A theme renown'd in ſtory,
It well deſerves more poliſh'd lays,
Oh—'tis your boaſt and glory.

When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around,
By them you are protected,
But when in peace the nation's found,
Theſe bulwarks are neglected.
Then Oh! protect the hardy tar,
Be mindful of his merit,
And when again you're plung'd in war,
He'll ſhew his daring ſpirit.

When thickeſt darkneſs covers all.
Far on the trackleſs ocean,
When lightnings dart—when thunders roll,
And all in wild commotion,
When o'er the bark the white top'd waves,
With boiſt'rous ſweep are rolling,
Yet coolly ſtill the whole he braves,
Untam'd amidſt the howling.
Then Oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in ſulph'rous ſmoke.
He feels a glowing pleaſure,
He loads his gun—or cracks his joke,
Elevated beyond meaſure,
Though fore and aft the blood-ſtain'd deck,
Should lifeleſs trunks appear,
Or ſhould the veſſel float a wreck,
The ſailor knows no fear.
Then Oh! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd on ſouthern brine,
Where ſcorching beams aſſail him,
When all the canvaſs hangs ſupine,
And food and water fail him,
Then oft he dreams of Britain's ſhore,
Where plenty ſtill is reigning,
They call the watch—his rapture's o'er,
He ſighs but ſcorns complaining.
Then Oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on the noxious coaſt,
Where death ſo oft befriends him,
Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland froſt,
True courage ſtill attend him,
No clime can this eradicate,
He glories in annoyance,
He fearleſs braves the ſtorms of fate,
And bids grim death defiance,
Then Oh! protect, &c.

Why ſhould the man who knows no fear,
In peace be then neglected:
Behold him moving 'long the pier,
Pale, Meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ,
Behold him diſregarded!
Then view the anguiſh in his eye,
And ſay, are tars rewarded?
Then Oh! protect, &c.

To them your deareſt rights you owe,
In peace then would you ſtarve them!
What ſay ye, Britain's ſons!—oh! no!
Protect them and preſerve them;
Shield them from poverty and pain,
'Tis policy to do it;
Or when grim war ſhall come again,
Oh Britains! you may rue it.
Then oh! protect, &c.

Poll and my Partner Joe.

I was d'ye ſee, a waterman,
As tight and ſpruce as any;
'Twixt Richmond-town
And Horſley-down,
I turn'd an honeſt penny;

None could of fortune's favour brag,
More than could lucky I,
My cot was ſnug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in the ſty;
With wherry tight,
And boſom light,
I chearfully did row;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife,
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.
I roll'd in joys like theſe a while,
Folk far and near careſs'd me,
Till, woe is me,
So lubberly,
The vermin came and preſs'd me,
How could I all theſe pleaſures leave,
How with my wherry part?
I never ſo took on my grief,
It wrung my very heart;
But when on board,
They gave the word,
To foreign parts to go,
I ru'd the moment I was born,
That ever I ſhould thus be torn,
From my Poll and my partner Joe,
I did my duty manfully,
While on the billows rolling;
And night or day,
Could find my way,
Blindfold to the main-top bowling,

Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quickſands and gales of wind,
I brav'd in hopes to taſte again,
The joys I left behind.
In climes afar,
The hotteſt war,
Pour'd broadſides on the foe,
In hopes theſe perils to relate,
As by my ſides attentive ſat,
My Poll and my partner Joe.
At laſt it pleas'd his Majeſty,
To give peace to the nation,
And honeſt hearts,
From foreign parts,
Came home for conſolation;
Like lightning—for I felt new life—
Now ſafe from all alarms,
I ruſh'd and found my friend wife,
Lock'd in each others arms;
Yet fancy not,
I bore my lot,
Tame—like a lubber—no,
For ſeeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd,
My Poll and my partner Joe.

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